

William Hadfield

Poem by Lee Colledge in tribute to his 80th Birthday

For many years I've known him
But have never found him wrong.
He always lends a helping hand
To guide some soul along.

Most all his life, the mail he carried,
Made her journey every day.
Had a smile or pleasant "hello"
To his patrons on the way.

With horse and cart he journeyed
Through wind and rain and snow-
A service to his fellowmen-
He knew the mail must go.

Then he got a nice green buggy
With cab, doors, glass and all.
Which made it more convenient
As he made his daily call.

In some boxes he found money
To be sent to Rob or Ray,
Work extra for the mailman
It's not done that way today.

Then Ford came out with "Lizzy"
So he took one out to try.
It really did the business
When the roads were bare and dry.

But as the Winter time came on
With rain or mud and snow,
Back to the horse and cab again

For "Tin Liz" couldn't go.

I've known "Uncle Will" since childhood
And truthfully I can say,
The fine examples that he set
We're all better off today.

His ideals are the highest,
For he lives them day and night.
If you follow in his foot steps.
You'll do nothing but what's right.

He taught virtue to his children
What was pure and clean and good,
Throughout the entire family,
Proved his teachings understood.

Humble in his every action
Never tries a fault to find
If throughout our daily living
We could all be like his kind,

I have asked his good opinion
Many times when I've been in doubt.
And if I heeded what he said,
Always good has come about.

One time when I was sick in bed
The ground with snow was white
Next morning when I finally woke
My walks were clear and bright.

No one saw him do it.
No one saw him come or go
But we all knew who did it
With tracks left in the snow.

All his life has been devoted

Doing good to one and all
You will always find him ready
To assist some sick one's call.

Let us heed the timely teachings
Always doing thing that are right,
Putting forth your every effort,
Doing good with all your might.

I'm proud to be his Neighbor,
And hope will always be.
As I add the things together
He has done so much for me.

Times He's called to talk at funerals
To someone wayward in their day.
Yet he knows some good about them
As he takes the stand to say.

Now he's working in the Temple
Early morn 'till late at night
Tis God's work that he is doing
So he's putting forth his might.

I hope as he grows older
To him I can kindly be
I'd like to do for him one-half
The things he did for me.